

THE APOTHECARY

OR,

Lord Mayor's Day.

A WAKE my slumb'ring muse, and sing
Of Galen's sons, whom Lord Mayor's Day
will bring

To feast, carouse, and drink,
Abstract from trade, nor on their patients think;
Safe in the closet lock'd (for pleasure ripe,) Lays lancet, forceps, and the glyster pipe;
Far more substantial joys my mind pervade,
Than beds of sickness, or the healing aid;
Long tables cover'd, with rich dainties spread,
Are more inviting far than sick or dead.
"Sir," cries the servant of great Doctor Pill,
"My Lady Squeamish is extremely ill,
Begg your attendance, sir, and very soon."
"Zounds! why, you know, I can't this afternoon;
To day! (rejoin'd the Doctor, quite enrag'd,)
To day, from every person I'm engag'd;
To day, remov'd from sickness, pain, and death;
To day, let heaven only grant me breath;
To day I feast on viands, rare and nice;
Cut, and again, again repeat the slice.
Visit the sick to day! Indeed, not I,
If they're in bed, in bed pray let them lie.
I'm for the Hall, where dainty dishes shine,
To feast and drink of copious cups of wine;
Remov'd from pills and plaisters, let me say,
Twice ev'ry year I spend a joyous day:
This day from toil and labour let me cease,
Be all my patients only fowls and geese;
Chickens and capons, hot roast beef and fish,
Be oft supplied from every smoaking dish;
While Musick's fascinating power shall sound,
Diffusing joy and pleasure all around;
May hearts convivial ev'ry table boast,
And horns responsive sound to every toast.
Lost in the vortex of existing mirth,
I fear, nor feel, for any soul on earth."

NOW place the contrast in the generous scale,
Let Truth and Virtue for this once prevail;
Applied well home, let every feeling man
Deny the justice of it if he can:
Take the reverse, I say, where Misery waits,
Forlorn, dejected, at the closed gates;
Hunger and thirst, with penury combin'd,
Goad and afflicts the too-distracted mind;
While loaded spits before the ranges turn,
And soups and sauces on the fires burn,
Perhaps some helpless orphan, or a wife,
Can barely get a poor support for life;
Pines at the door where Plenty crowns the board,
And all that's costly rich and rare is stor'd;
Whilst purple wines, from foreign nations brought,
And nectar'd bowls by every guest is sought;
Oh! turn one friendly thought and lib'ral hand,
Nor let the hungry and the naked stand
Unpitied, at your door, where Plenty reigns,
But give, that Heaven may still increase your gains.

W. M.

